

Origin of the Trouble—Unprovoked Assault
of Butler on American Officers in the
Khedive's Service—Merited Punishment
and Disgrace of the Bully—What the Mis-
sionaries Say About It.

ALEXANDRIA, Egypt, July 15.—The universal odium in which Consul-General Hotchkiss is held in this latitude, and particularly by the American officers in the Khedive's service, has at last culminated in a serious collision that can but mortify every American citizen. The outlines of this disgraceful affair will doubtless reach you by Cable long before this communication; but it will be well to give to you

The relations existing between Butler and the Americans now serving in the Khedive's army have not been more friendly than they should be. The military officers, having a due regard for their reputations, have chosen to recognize

the Consul-General of their native country as sparingly as possible, refusing all intimacies with him. This has galled the sensitive Butler not a little, as it confined him to the immediate *attachés* of his office, his own subordinates, for companions. On this account his wrath has been long kindled against these officers as a body.

Quite recently a printed paper, shamefully abusive of Gen. Stone, was extensively circulated among Americans and others, and some copies of it were posted in conspicuous places at Alexandria by the recently installed Clerk of the Consulate-General, Mr. Wadley. (Wadleigh's Edition.) Some of the American officers took the matter up with the Consul-General, and representations of Wadley's paper, though refraining from calling him to account because of the pro-

Wadley, who was standing close by, did not wait a second but rushed forward and fired a pistol, began firing at the Major in a most reckless manner. After the underlying had been

defence and snapped it, some say at Butler's head, others at his chest. Butler was so startled that at this show of a vigorous defence both Butler and Wadley took to their heels. When they were about 100 yards away, Butler emptied his revolver in the direction of Max Campbell, Gen. Reynolds, who was standing by the door of the saloon, and a crowd of men in the facade, drew his pistol and fired five times at Max Campbell, who was standing in plain sight, again, when he continued his retreat to place of safety. This terminated the fracas.

A survey of the field of battle showed an American and several outsiders wounded. Max Campbell received a bullet in the left leg, which was not serious. The bullet had entered the back of his leg and though he is now laid up in considerable pain, it is not serious. He has at least two of the bystanders were seriously wounded by Wadley's wild firing, one of them being killed. The other was seriously wounded. Wadley will find his encounter a pretty serious affair.

Of course, this collision raises the now general topic of conversation in the city, and has heard many expressions of opinion regarding the same.

and his Secretary. As might be expected, Englishmen reproach us with the character of our "moral" and "civil" life, and many of our country, Butler has prudently kept out of the way of controversy, and some reports have left the country.

There are conflicting stories as to the number of persons who have been expelled from the island by the parties; and probably the truth would be fully known until the United States Government sends a commission to inquire into Butler on another temporary excursion to the beach of Dr. Livingston.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY. — Mr. SAY, the American missionary, in the island, has been greatly injured and outraged at this occurrence, which they argue most logically negates the mission of the United States to the island. He says, "I have been here for twenty years. They blame Butler as the sole cause of

the night, and hold Grant responsible for keeping him here after his loose morals and violent manners have been made known. One of the zealous laborers said to me yesterday that after this Grant should receive the vote of no Christian citizen or no lover of decency and order. I am, he said, no partisan of Mr. Greeley, but he would certainly give us better representatives of American character in countries where the Christian faith is the basis of civilization.

seeking to establish the religion of Christ, a meek and lowly.

ONCE IS A DOSE.

The Strange Gentleman Who Rushed into
Dominick Murray's Bedroom.

From the Baltimore Bulletin.

AN amusing story is told of Dominick Murray, the actor, who has just returned from an engagement in New Orleans. During a late excitement there in the Legislature, pending some very important measures over which the House was about equally divided, a certain senator upon whose vote great dependence had been placed by his friends, was called in to decide, and so defeated his friends. His sudden and unlooked-for apostasy caused great con-

deep upon him. So incensed was his party that he found it advisable to beat a retreat and go to his lodgings. On the night of the occurrence

Murray was aroused from his slumbers by the sound of voices in the street directly beneath his window. The words he was occasionally able to catch were repeated to him in a sweet slumber. Such expressions as "Two o'clock, you go up to his room—" "Do it and leave"—"We'll see he don't get past us"—were not, say the least, reassuring in a lonely street on dark night, and in a city not particularly identified with law and order. Presently there was a hurried sound of footsteps, which sudden-

stopped before his own door, followed by an innumerable throng of admirers. He was a man of command for admittance in unmistakable English—"Open the door, quick!"

"Who are you?" asked the astonished Murray.

"The door, I say, or, by—, I'll break in!"

"Open the door," said the sense of midnight assassination. Murray nervously drew the bolt and made a spring for the bed, seized the nearest weapon, and, with a gasp of surprise and defiance which would have been thrilling but for its grotesqueness, He had scarcely got his position when the door was flung open, and a man, armed with a pair of pistols and a revolver in each hand, rushed into the apartment, shut and bolted the door, blew and thumped the man on the head, and then he lay head up to the arm-props, leaving only the

"What the devil's the matter?" asked Martin.

"Shut up! Put down that thing and come to bed," responded the stranger.

"Well, no, not to bed," said Martin.

"Put it down, or I'll blow your roof off! Not then, come to bed, and go to sleep!"

"I prefer sitting up," objected the astor.

A sharp click of the pistol and a suppressed imprecation decided the bearded Martin, who, crawling into the sheets, kept a respectful silence.

the distance from his companion. The voices the street had by this time subsided, and the tramp of many feet through the hall indicated the activity of pursuit. Failing to find the door to his room, the pursuers naturally concluded their man had undisturbed them, and escaped. They left the house, and departed in a new scent. As the carriage drove away, the stranger leaped out of the bed, opened the door, and, without a word of explanation, left Martin to his reflections.

Two or three nights afterward, the first excitement of the morning, Murray was awakened by a loud knock and a half-opened door. "Who's there?" demanded the commandant. "Blank," was the reply. "What do you want?" testily asked Murray. "The same as before," replied the person. "Try to be a dead and a kinder fellow," was the response. "I've had that before, and on it I do," and jumping into bed, Murray left the disturber of his slumbers to go out of himself, only the best way he could.

A Mexican Outrage in Texas.
Mexico has been a long time ailing. A

Mexican army crossed the Rio Grande without a fight and captured Alamo General Barragán at Eagle Pass, Texas. A force carried him to El Paso.